



2013

The Green Wutong Tree by Zhu Heling

Andrew Gudgel
andrewsends@gmail.com

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Recommended Citation

Gudgel, Andrew (2013) "*The Green Wutong Tree* by Zhu Heling," *Transference*: Vol. 1: Iss. 1, Article 5.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/transference/vol1/iss1/5>

Andrew Gudel
A Vase of Plum Flowers

Tan Yuanchun
瓶梅

In the vase for ten days already,
My worries fall away when, fortunately, they open late.
No need to borrow the east wind to force them,
Or bully them with nighttime rain.
Their fragrance comes in silence,
Their charm in quiet hours.
More beautiful even than the trees on the mountains,
For tourists know nothing of these.

Andrew Gudel
The Green Wutong Tree

Zhu Heling
碧梧

The shade of the green *wutong* hides my study,
Branches a hundred feet high would entice even a phoenix.
The new jade leaves float like a curtain of green,
Luxuriant shadows, deep cover and a smell like incense.
The cool that comes feels like a basket of early Autumn,
The leaves drop in a silver bed that sparkles with dew.
Though the eastern courtyard catches the morning sun,
Down by the roots it's dark, like standing beside a
towering mountain.